

The Mutual Friend

By Katherine Howe

(Copyright, 1917, by W. G. Chapman.)

"Bert Fleming never would have looked at Grace Perry if she hadn't come money."

"Well, he's rushing around there pretty steadily. They go everywhere together."

"I don't know what he can see in her. Oh, I suppose it's the money! And she hasn't got it yet, either. It's a year now since it was left to her, and that will not settle yet."

"Oh, well, you know she's only one of three heirs, and one of them is contesting it."

The two women talking stood just inside the entrance of a room crowded with guests at an afternoon tea. A girl had come up behind them just in time to hear it all. At the mention of her own name she had paused and listened. Then she stepped back into the hallway to regain her composure before entering. It had never entered her mind that Bert Fleming did not love her just for herself, that the fifty thousand she would inherit played any part in his devotion to her. She could not believe it possible, and yet the thought rankled. If it could be true!

"I can't give him up!" her heart cried out. "And yet—if I were sure of



A Girl Had Come Up Behind Them.

that, I would. There couldn't be any happiness in such a marriage. Never!"

She went back among the guests, but the words of the two gossips were whizzing through her brain and tugging at her heart.

The elder of the two, the one who had spoken first, she knew, and the woman met her as though she had been her dearest friend. Grace made no difference in her response. After all, it might be all true, and we can't expect too much of the ordinary human creature. Grace was not of the ordinary. She was a girl who thought, who had high aspirations, and who believed that life need not be plodding and commonplace, which would account for the woman of low level not seeing anything in her.

The next evening she said to young Fleming: "I thought that contestant's claim was settled, but it seems not. I may never get that money."

"Well, money is a good thing to have," he said. "For your sake I hope you get it; but if you don't we can worry along on my salary, can't we?"

"I could—and I wouldn't worry," she laughed.

Whereupon Bert's answer was to take her face between his hands and kiss her eyes and smiling mouth.

It seemed while he was with her she could never again let a doubt of him enter her mind. But the next day it came at times with a little stinging pain.

Bert brought to see her an old friend, a college chum, Jack Fisher by name. He had lately entered the law firm that was administering the will of which she was one of the heirs. He became interested in the girl and called occasionally on a pretext of business. On one of these occasions Grace told him what she had overheard at the tea. She wondered the next moment why she had made a confidant of this man. But she was beginning to be overwrought, well-nigh obsessed with the idea that Fleming might be influenced by the little legacy, and she must have some proof of his real devotion. It was so easy to make protestations.

Fisher stood up stoutly for his friend.

"Bert isn't that sort," he protested. "I'd bank on him any time. Why, he just thinks you're the only one in the world. You're some girl to him."

She gave him a little pleased, grateful look.

"I couldn't believe there was anything that wasn't strong, fine and sincere about him," she said. "But, you see, I can't believe I'm the least bit of

a wonderful girl, or that anyone could see—"

"There!" he broke in. "You're getting morbid! That cat of a woman has got you wussy. Cut it out!"

The advice, if slangy, was good, and Grace tried to follow it, but Jack Fisher, being an observant person, could see, as he expressed it, that "it got in on her." He was also becoming aware of a fact which promised some rather painful complications. He could not disguise from himself that he was beginning to care more for Grace than was compatible with loyalty to his friend. Then commenced the struggle between desire and renunciation, reason and sophistry, the angel and the devil which is in every human creature.

One evening Fisher came in on the two in Grace's home. He looked troubled, and seemed to try to cover it by rattling on in a superficial way. Finally he said: "It's not exactly pleasant to have to tell you why I came; but you see I'm right there in the office, and I get things before outsiders, clients, or others, and I thought it was up to me to—"

"For heaven's sake out with it! Don't keep us guessing!" cried Fleming.

"Well, the case has gone against you, Miss Perry. It doesn't look as though they would allow you a cent."

She looked blankly at him, then she said quietly: "Well, I suppose I shall go on living."

"I guess so," said Fleming.

"Please don't let on to anyone I've told you," he added. "It wouldn't do to have them know I had spoken before you were notified from the office; but I thought I ought to tell you." And, making an excuse of an engagement, he took his departure.

Two days after this, Fisher called Grace on the telephone and asked if she would see him. On receiving an affirmative answer he lost no time in getting there.

"Well," he asked, coming directly to the point, "how are things between you and Bert? How did he take the news? You have confided in me—and I have a right to know."

"Yes," she answered, "you have. You were right about Bert. You can bank on him every time. I am humiliated, ashamed to think I harbored those ideas for a minute. Oh, he was so dear about it! What do you think? He insists on the wedding taking place right away—at least in about a week. He says he wants to take me away somewhere to get the disappointment off my mind."

"That's like him," said the man. "I would always have thought that. But, to tell the honest truth, when it came to this affair—when you began to have doubts—perhaps they somehow lodged in my mind—I began to have them, too. And—well, I might as well make a clean breast of it—I couldn't bear to think you might be going to a man who wasn't worthy of you. I had to know. I had to see him proved."

She looked at him with growing amazement.

"Why, I never dreamed that you—What do you mean—that you had to see him 'proved'?"

"It wasn't true, not a word of that news I brought. The money is yours all right. But I tell you I had to know. Good old Bert! He deserves you! I wish him—joy."

There was a break in his voice, and he turned quickly to go, but she caught at his hand, pressing it warmly.

"You are a real friend," she said. "Bert will want you to be his 'best man.'"

Wisdom of the Donkey.

A donkey can learn wisdom from experience. Thales was a Greek philosopher of old times, and he had a very philosophical mule. This humble creature, without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity, was employed in carrying salt from the place where it was prepared to the place where it was used. The intelligent donkey made the journey back and forth alone. One day, in crossing the stream, which had been swollen by rains, he found the salt in the bags on his back, becoming soaked with the water, leaked out, making the wet sack much lighter to carry than the dry load of salt. The next load he carried, he waded in where the water was deep, and unloaded himself again. He kept this up until his owner set a watch over him, and found him wandering about the bed of the stream trying to find a pool deep enough to relieve him of his load of salt. Here is where the wisdom of animals becomes foolishness to men. They put a couple of sacks of wool upon his back, and this, absorbing water, loaded him heavier. Here the mule gave up his fight with mankind.

A Justifiable Blow.

Ever punctual himself, King George III expected similar punctuality in others. Lord Hertford knew and respected his royal master's wishes. So one day, when he had an appointment at Windsor for twelve o'clock, he was overwhelmed at hearing the clock strike the noon hour just as he was passing through the hall. Furious at being a minute late, he raised his cane and smashed the glass of the clock's face. The king, knowing nothing of the episode, let him off with a slight reprimand.

The next time that the earl called on the king, however, he was received less graciously.

"Hertford," said his majesty, "how came you to strike the clock?"

"The clock struck first, Your Majesty," was Hertford's immediate rejoinder.

The aptness of the speech and the mock solemnity of the culprit in delivering it won the king's laughter and forgiveness.—Youth's Companion.

MAN FOUND DEAD AT BURLINGTON HOTEL

Was Kneeling by Side of Bed as Though in Act of Praying—Death From Malignant Disease

On Monday afternoon a man by the name of D. M. Murray was found dead in his room at the Burlington Hotel. He was kneeling by the side of his bed as though in an act of prayer. The indications are that he came to his death as the result of a malignant disease.

The body is being held at the Darling Undertaking Parlor awaiting word from his friends in Kansas City as to what disposition to make of the remains. If word is not received by Friday of this week it is probable burial will be made here at the county's expense.

Murray had been in the city for some two weeks and was "hard up," due to his inability to work. He had been receiving money from time to time from friends at a Kansas City. When able to work he represented a correspondence school, securing students for the school.

DR. CONDRA SAYS TOO MUCH PROMOTION

State Official Who is Making Complete Survey of Potash Fields Favors Holding off

Dr. Geo. E. Condra, director of the Nebraska soil survey, is in the potash district near Alliance this week checking over the surveys which have been made by employees in his department. The work of surveying the potash district is proceeding rapidly. Each lake is tested out thoroughly so that the report when made public, will show the amount of potash contained in each

lake and district.

Dr. Condra is of the opinion that there is too much promotion in the potash district at the present time. He is in favor of the tying up of lakes by promoters under lease and the holding of the lakes in an undeveloped form but wants to see the potash industry built on a permanent, lasting basis so that when the present high prices lower on account of the ending of the war the plants will continue to operate and develop the resources of the state.

The state board of educational lands and funds, in the opinion of Dr. Condra should not be hurried in the leasing of the school lands on which there are lakes until a survey has been made showing what these lakes contain, in order that the state may receive a fair return from the contents. He expects to spend much of his time in the potash district until the survey now being made is completed.

The first report of Dr. Condra will show the location of the lakes and the Baume tests of the surface waters. Later reports will show the analysis of the lake beds and the sands.

PLANS MADE SO ALL BEANS WILL BE HULLED.

The proposition of harvesting the extraordinary large bean crop of Box Butte county this year has been backed up to County Agent George Neuswanger, and as is the usual case with county agents, he has solved the problem.

There are many patches of beans in the county of various sizes. It is hardly profitable for every grower to purchase a bean huller for his own personal use, and yet it is absolutely necessary that such a machine be used in harvesting the crop. O. E. Phillips of near Hemingford has 125 acres in beans this year. Mr. Phillips is contemplating the purchase of a huller and states that after he has hulled his beans he will be in a position to hull beans for any and all growers who want his services.

County Agent Neuswanger will be pleased to hear from those who will have beans to hull and will make

arrangements with Mr. Phillips to do the work for all who desire it done. Thus a cheap means is afforded all bean growers to get their beans hulled. It is suggested that the matter be taken up as soon as possible with the county agent.

THREW A HATCHET AT HIS EMPLOYER

Escaped By Taking No. 43 at Hemingford—Charges Filled Against the Man in County Court

Tyndell H. Lyon of Seward county Wednesday caused a complaint to be made in the county court against F. M. Clark, charging Clark with throwing a hatchet at him, which just grazed his shoulder. A warrant was issued for Clark, but Clark escaped by catching No. 43 at Hemingford. A wire was sent to the authorities at Crawford to get Clark off the train and hold him, but the message was not delivered until after No. 43 left Crawford. Clark is believed to be in Wyoming.

Lyon owns a threshing outfit in this county. Clark was in charge of the outfit for Lyon. When Lyon visited the outfit he discovered a quantity of belt, etc., missing and charged Clark with having made away with it. It was then that Clark threw the hatchet.

FISHER HERE FRIDAY TO LOOK THING OVER

Former Secretary of Commercial Club May Decide to Accept Offer Tendered Him by Local Board.

W. D. Fisher, district representative of the Germania Life Insurance Co. at Topeka, Kansas, and a former secretary of the Alliance Commercial

Club, is expected to be in Alliance Friday to confer with the board of directors of the Alliance Commercial Club and look over the local situation to determine whether or not he desires to contract with the local club to again act as secretary for that organization.

When Mr. Fisher was secretary of the club he managed to accomplish things. He was busy every minute and was uneasy when others, whom he believed should be working were holding back. But little real work has been accomplished in the club since Mr. Fisher left and now that the position of secretary is again open the directors and most of the members of the club seem anxious to again secure his services.

Mrs. George Reed returned to Alliance on Tuesday, following a several weeks' visit with relatives in Iowa.

WESTERN GROWERS DIG SPUDS YET GREEN

A few cars of potatoes are being shipped from Nebraska points this week, but the number of cars is very light. The market in the Western territory is a little weak owing to the fact that growers dug lots of immature stock, some arriving at their destination in poor condition. The report comes from Morrill that spuds are selling there at from \$1.00 to \$1.30 a hundred pounds. Considerable green stuff is being dug.

The market at Presque Isle, Maine, the past week has been extra strong, prices having advanced about 30 cents during the week. At Moorhead, Minn., the price has remained stationary. Early Ohio seed and table stock selling 90 cents to \$1.00. The Southern market is absorbing a normal supply at fair prices. The Kansas City market is steady. Chicago and St. Louis finds the demand lighter and prices weaker than last week.

There is much value in the sunflower as a plant. Its seeds make fine food for live stock, its oil is equal to the best linseed, and its stalks are good as fuel.

TO THOSE WHO HAVE THOUGHT OF BUYING A CHALMERS CAR

An arrangement has been effected whereby the Maxwell Motor Company has leased for a period of five years the properties of the Chalmers Motor Company.

The immediate effect of this transaction is:

1. The Chalmers car will be continued under the Chalmers name for a period of five years.
2. Those distributors or dealers who have been successfully marketing the Chalmers car will continue to do so.

The appraisers of the property and their engineers report the current Chalmers model a good car and the Chalmers plant a wonderful factory.

The first move we have made is to increase the efficiency of the Chalmers organization.

The second move was to place behind the Chalmers car the resources of the Maxwell Motor Company.

This is a business transaction between two automobile companies of probably no more than ordinary interest to the public but important to you if you have thought of buying a Chalmers for these obvious reasons:

1. You obtain a good car.
2. You obtain a car produced in a magnificently equipped plant.
3. You obtain a car produced by an organization materially strengthened by the addition of able executives.
4. You obtain a car produced by an organization materially strengthened by additional financial resources.
5. You obtain a car from a distributor or dealer who will have the support of this organization.

In this way all three of us prosper in the transaction.

Naetie E. Shauder

President and General Manager
Maxwell Motor Company, Inc.